

## OCEAN'S GRAVEYARD.

THE WONDERFUL SARGASSO SEA OF THE GREAT ATLANTIC.

An Enormous Floating Semi-island To-  
ward Which Nearly Everything on the  
Mighty Deep Drifts and Is Held as  
Prisons.—Its Inhabitants.

For several years past the hydrographic bureau at Washington has been trying to acquire a more intimate knowledge of the movements of the waters of the ocean, and a great number of bottles, containing messages and securely corked, have been dropped overboard by vessels. Many of these have floated thousands of miles before they were picked up, and while some were washed upon native and foreign shores others have found their way into the great Sargasso sea.

From the courses taken by these different bottles it has been found that the ocean currents move around in a vast circle. Those which were dropped overboard on the American coast took a northerly course, while those on the European side floated toward the south. Bottles dropped overboard in the North Atlantic started toward the northeast, and those from the African or Spanish coast floated almost directly west until they reached the West India islands. The general directions of the currents were thus ascertained, showing that the waters acted upon by winds and currents circulated round and round like a pool.

In all pools floating objects are quickly cast out of the revolving currents, or they are carried with them in their circular route for some time until they are washed nearer the center or side of the pool. The bottles that were forced outside of the currents of the ocean were cast upon the shores of some country, but those which were worked toward the center eventually found their way in the calm waters of the Sargasso sea. Here they remain peacefully until picked up by some vessel, or until some storm casts them back into the great pool.

Vessels very rarely visit the great sea in the middle of the ocean, but occasionally they are driven there by storms or adverse winds. Strange sights meet the gaze of the sailors at such times. Wonderful stories—partly true and partly false—have been told by sailors returning from a forced trip to the Sargasso sea. The surface of the sea is covered with floating wrecks, spars, seaweed, boxes, fruits and a thousand other innumerable articles. It is the great repository or storehouse of the ocean, and all things which do not sink to the bottom or are not washed upon the shores are carried to this center of the sea. When one considers the vast number of wrecks on the ocean and the quantity of floating material that is thrown overboard, a faint idea of the wreckage in the Sargasso sea may be conceived.

Derelicts or abandoned vessels frequently disappear in mysterious ways, and no accounts are given of them for years by passing vessels. Then suddenly, years later, they appear again in some well traveled route to the astonishment of all. The wrecks are covered with mould and green slime, showing the long, lonesome voyage which they have passed through. It is generally supposed that such derelicts have been swept into the center of the pool and remained in the Sargasso sea until finally cast out by some unusually violent storm.

The life in this sea is interesting. Solitary and alone the acres of waters, covered with the debris, stretch out as the vast graveyard of the ocean, seldom being visited by vessels or human beings. Far from all trading routes of vessels, the sight of a sail or steamship is something unusual. The fishes of the sea form the chief life of those watery solitudes. Attracted by the vast quantities of wreckage floating in the sea, and also by the Gulfweed on which many of them live, they swarm around in great numbers. The smaller fishes live in the intricate avenues formed by the seaweed, and the more ferocious denizens of the deep come hither to feed upon the quantities of small fish. In this way the submarine life of the Sargasso sea is made interesting and lively.

The only life overhead is that made by a few sea birds, which occasionally reach the solitudes of this midocean cemetery. A few of the long flyers of the air penetrate to the very middle of the ocean, but it is very rarely that this occurs. Some have been known to follow vessels across the ocean, keeping at a respectful distance from the stern. Other birds have been swept out to sea by storms, and have finally sought refuge in the Sargasso sea. Still others, taking refuge on some derelict, have been gradually carried to the same mid-ocean scene.

There is sufficient food floating on the surface or to be obtained from the fishes which live among the forests of seaweed to support a large colony of birds. It is surmised that many of those found in the sea have inhabited those regions for years, partly from choice and partly from necessity. Birds swept out there by storms would not care to venture the long return trip to land, and finding an abundance of food and wrecks on which to rest and rear their young they might easily become contented with their strange lot. Just how far the strong winged sea birds can fly without resting is all conjectural, but it is doubtful if many of them would undertake such a long journey seaward with no better prospects ahead than dreary wastes of water.—Detroit Free Press.

## The Greatest Tobacco Users.

The Austrians consume more tobacco than any other nationality or race on the globe, civilized or savage. Recent investigation by eminent statisticians gives the number of pounds consumed annually by each 100 inhabitants of the different European countries as follows: Spain, 110 pounds; Italy, 128; Great Britain, 138; Russia, 122; Denmark, 224; Norway, 229, and Austria, 273.—St. Louis Republic.

## Welcome Kalu.

The author of "Round the Compass in Australia" had put up for the night with the manager of a stock farm. It was a time of drought, and the evening passed amid stories of frightful suffering and losses. The manager thought it would be hardly possible to hold out a week longer. "Shady Jack's well is done," he said, "and the Frenchman's tank is empty." His wife tried to encourage him.

"Hope for the best," she said.

"My oath!" answered the manager, "but the best things never come off."

"Yes, Dick," responded his wife, "but the worst things never come off."

Night after night this man had walked the room, alternating between prayers and curses, as each day's record was another thousand sheep dead, another empty well, until at last he had come to this grim courage of despair.

"I shouldn't care so much," he said to the traveler, "but then my wife, my girls in there!"

He drew his sleeves across his eyes and bowed his head on the table. For ten minutes he sat there so. Then the visitor saw him raise his head, start sprang to his feet and listen with strained attention. What was that? Something pinged on the corrugated roof overhead.

"Rain, rain, rain!" he shouted as he rushed outside and fell on his knees with his hands stretched out toward the clouded sky.

"Thank God! Thank God! Wife! Girls! Mary! Rain!"

Even so. The flood gates of the sky were opened, and before morning the visitor was helping to put up a dyke on one side of the house. The march of destruction was staid.

## Hunting Zebras.

After crossing the usual heated yellow plains, looking for all the world like an expanse of overgrown hayfields and dotted here and there with droves of springbok, we outspanned two and so rode back again across the hot, weary plain for camp. We had not long quieted the forest before we sighted a good troop of Burchell's zebra, feeding quietly. We spread out in line and rode up to them.

The troop, which consisted mostly of mares with a yearling foal or two, was guarded by an old stallion, who stood sentinel nearest to us with his head up. Presently, turning half round, he gave some sort of signal and the rest of the band galloped briskly off, curveting and capering as they ran. After moving a few hundred yards the troop suddenly wheeled round in line to have a good look at us again.

These tactics of the zebras were displayed in a retreat of some miles, the old stallion always covering the rear, until the troop, outflanked by Dove, shot off to the right and my chance came. I galloped hard to intercept them, and as they stood for a minute on seeing me in the line of flight, got a steady shot at 200 yards. The bullet clapped as if on a barn door, and as the troop continued their flight I saw one zebra turn away alone. Presently she stood again. I was soon within sixty yards and with another bullet finished her. She proved to be a fine mare in beautiful coat, and her head and skin now decorate a room at home.—Longman's Magazine.

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Many institutions profited by Mr. Lick's posthumous gifts, his most famous achievement was the establishment of the Lick observatory on Mount Hamilton, under the management of the University of California. Mr. Lick's body was placed in 1887 under the base of the pier sustaining the great telescope.—New York World.

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Mother (returned from a call)—Why, you have taken cold. You are feverish. Don't you feel hot?

Little Ethel—Yes'm. I've been havin' Johnnie tell me some ghost stories, so's to make cold chills run down my back, but it doesn't do a bit of good.—Good News.

He Was Willing.—Do you think you can support me, George?" she asked an hour after he had proposed.

"Yes, if you'll get on the other knee," he said.—Exchange.

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An abstract of the Annual Report made January 1, 1892, of the State of the State of New Jersey, and filed in the Department of the Secretary of State in pursuance of law.

STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1892.

RESOURCES.	
Bonds and mortgages	\$158,400.00
Real Estate	31,200.00
Banking	31,284.00
Interest due and accrued	4,940.00
Office furniture, etc.	500.00
Cash in bank and office	19,971.67
	\$217,899.60
LIABILITIES.	
Due to depositors (including interest)	\$200,367.94
Surplus	17,531.66
	\$217,899.60

Interest is credited to depositors on the first days of January and July, for the year for the amount of interest accrued since the last statement made on or before the first business day in January, April, July, and October, bear interest from the first day of the month. All interest when credited becomes principal and bears interest accordingly.

JOSEPH H. DODD, Treasurer.

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